

Pyramids are pyramids still though  
perch on Alps.  
And pyramids are pyramids in  
valley.  
Each man makes his own stature,  
builds himself.  
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyra-  
mids.  
YOUNG.

Read Tomorrow's Instalment of the Thrilling Serial "The Hidden Hand," Which Appears on This Page

# The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

Ignorance of the law excuses no  
man; not that all men know the  
law, but because 'tis an excuse  
every man will plead and no man  
can tell how to refute him.  
JOHN SILDEN.

## PLAY WELL

By C. D. BATCHELOR



YOU may feel that Fate has dealt you a poor hand. You may see in the game of life little hope of winning. Success usually consists not so much in playing a good hand indifferently, but in playing a poor hand well. Consider for a moment the great who have

played a poor hand well. Demosthenes, Byron, Blind Milton, Lincoln, Goldsmid, Stevenson. Some have had to fight against personal defects, ill health and the environment of bitter poverty. But stout courage overcame the spirit of quitting and each fought the good fight, played the game well against bitter odds.

## Make Friends with the Stars

By Garrett P. Serviss.

IT is a pleasure to see how many people are learning the stars and constellations. They are laying up treasure for themselves whose value perhaps they do not half guess. The other day I read a poem called "Under Arcturus." Its title was a great attraction, like the waving of the hand of an old friend. Arcturus was one of the first stars I knew by name, and by look, when I was a boy. I used to see it rising past the crooked limbs of an orchard like a burning apple-blossom in spring evenings, and setting behind a hemlock-fringed hill like a red sugar of Christmas on Autumn nights. I found nothing about Arcturus in the poem, except the suggestion of its presence conveyed by the fanfare of the burglar's horn and the buckle of the Hunter's Moon. Those things belong, as the poet knew, to the season when Arcturus follows the sun to bed, and that knowledge not only did him credit but gave him inspiration.

"When red dusk makes the West-ern sky  
A fire-lit window through the fire,  
He stoops to see the red fox die  
Among the chestnut's broken burra."

The poet who sets the name of a star, or puts the atmosphere of a star, in his verse borrows a jewel that imparts a celestial sheen to his work. No other names possess the magic of star names. I cannot see in print "Birlus," "Aldobarns," "Spica," "Antares," "Rigel," "Betelgeuse," "Albireo," without a thrill. But those names would not thrill me if I did not know, like friends, the stars to which they belong, and the seasons that they herald and adorn. Everybody ought to know them and when to look for them. An immeasurable pleasure is lost without such knowledge.

It is not enough to possess a star map. The A B C of uranography should be carried in the head. Here is a possible aid to its quick acquisition, as far as the relation of the stars to the months and seasons is concerned. At the beginning of November the Great Square of Pegasus is on the meridian (north and south line of the sky) at about 9 p. m. Arrange your star map, then, or your celestial globe, with that constellation on the central sky line, and you will have before you a representation

of the entire visible heavens at that date and hour. With a little practice all the constellations, and the principal stars with names that are visible anywhere in the sky when the Square of Pegasus is on the meridian will be in your memory, and you will know at any time how the sky looks on the 1st of November. Apply the same method to the other months, with the aid of the following clues:

To-night, at 9 p. m., Cassiopeia, Andromeda and Cetus are all more or less centrally located on the meridian. Cetus in the south, Andromeda nearly overhead and Cassiopeia north of the zenith. On January 1 the Pleiades are on the meridian; on February 1, Orion; on March 1, Gemini; on April 1, Leo; on May 1, the Great Dipper (nearly overhead); on June 1, northern United States; on June 1, Virgo in the south, with Arcturus near the meridian overhead; on July 1, the Northern Crown; on August 1, Hercules; on September 1, Aquila; on October 1, Capricornus in the south, with Cepheus standing on the pole in the north.

Other constellations besides those named are also on, or near, the meridian at these times, but certain ones have been chosen simply as landmarks to determine the location of the central line of the sky, the details being filled in either from the observer's already acquired knowledge or with the aid of a map or star globe.

It is well to remember that, owing to the eastward rotation of the earth, making one turn on its axis in twenty-four hours, the stars seem to move westward at the same rate. Their motion covers 15 degrees in one hour, and since they all keep the same step the whole heavens shift continually westward by that amount, stars previously unseen rising in the east as fast as the others set in the west. Then comes a curious fact, which is simple enough when you reflect upon it: owing to the earth's eastward motion in its orbit, making a complete circuit about the sun in twelve months, the stars are shifted westward by this annual motion just as much as they are shifted by the daily motion in two hours, or in other words, they move westward 20 degrees in a month.

If, then, you start with the knowledge that the Pleiades are on, or, at least, very near, the meridian on the 1st of January at 9 p. m., you can predict where they will be at the same hour one month later, by putting them 20 degrees west of the meridian on the map, and where they must, have been one

month earlier by setting them back eastward 20 degrees. Or, by subtracting from 9 p. m. two hours for each successive month following January, you can determine at what time of the night or day the Pleiades will be on the meridian for the entire year. The hours would be 7 p. m., February 1; 5 p. m., March 1; 3 p. m., April 1; 1 p. m., May 1; 11 a. m., June 1; 9 a. m., July 1; 7 a. m., August 1; 5 a. m., September 1; 3 a. m., October 1; 1 a. m., November 1; 11 p. m., December 1. By memorizing this list you can always tell after a moment's reflection where the great constellations surrounding the Pleiades must be in the sky, whether by day or by night.

The Pleiades stand as a central line-mark for the evening skies of mid-Winter. By choosing similar points of reference for Spring, Summer and Autumn, you can have a general picture of the revolving heavens in your mind, which will serve to locate the positions of the principal constellations, even without the aid of a star globe or map, provided that you know, broadly, the relative situations and juxtapositions of the constellations, a knowledge not at all difficult to acquire.

To illustrate how knowing the hour when the Pleiades, or other key groups, are on the meridian enables one to determine what other constellations are then above the horizon, consider how we infer, from our general acquaintance with geography, what parts of the earth are in the sunlight when it is noon at London, or at San Francisco, and what parts are under the shadow of night when it is midnight at those places, or at any other place whose geographical location is well known.

Twenty persons each hour are sacrificed to the White Plague. If your family has lost fine, vigorous men and splendid young women from this cause, no one need narrate to you the sorrowful days of wretched illness. From infancy to old age the germ of tuberculosis ravages the land. You can scarcely avoid some contact with this infection. The minute germ is easily distributed by a cough, a sneeze, the explosive laughter of unknowing, as well as knowing, sufferers from tuberculosis. Avoid dust and dusty conditions—

## DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

AFTER dinner, when we had all gathered round the fire in the study—Mrs. Harker having gone to bed—we discussed the horror and discoveries of the day. Harker was the only one who had any result, and we are in great hopes that his clue may be an important one.

Before going to bed I went round to the patient's room and looked in through the observation trap. He was sleeping soundly, and his heart rose and fell with regular respiration.

This morning the man on duty reported to me that a little after midnight he was restless and kept saying his prayers somewhat loudly. I asked him if that was all; he replied that it was all he heard. There was something about his manner so suspicious that I asked him point blank if he had been asleep. He denied sleep, but admitted to having "dozed" for a while. It is too bad that men cannot be trusted unless they are watched.

Today Harker is out following up his clue, and Art and Quincey are looking after Holmes. Godalming thinks that it will be well to have horses always in readiness, for when we get the information which we seek there will be no time to lose. We must startle all the imported earth between sunrise and sunset; we shall thus catch the Count at his weakest, and without a refuge to fly to. Van Helsing got to the British Museum looking up some authorities on ancient medicine. The old physicians took account of things which their followers do not accept, and the Professor is searching for witch and demon cures which may be useful to us later.

I sometimes think we must be all mad, and that we shall wake to sanity in strait-waistcoats.

### RENFIELD'S MOODS FOLLOW THOSE OF THE COUNT.

Later—We have met again. We seem at last to be on the track, and our work of tomorrow may be the beginning of the end. I wonder if Renfield's quiet has anything to do with this. His moods have so followed the doings of the Count, that the coming destruction of the monster may be carried to him in some subtle way. If we could only get some hint as to what passed in his mind, between the time of my argument with him today and his resumption of fly-catching, it might afford us a valuable clue. He is now becoming very quiet for a spell. Is he?—that wild yell seemed to come from his room.

The attendant came, ushering into my room and told me that Renfield had somehow met with some accident. He had heard him yell; and when he went to him found him lying on his face on the floor, all covered with blood. I must go on.

### CHAPTER XXI DR. SEWARD'S DIARY.

3 October.—Let me put down with exactness all that happened, as well as I can remember it, since last I made an entry. NB: a detail that I can recall must be forgotten; in all calmness I must proceed.

### HEALED ON THE FLOOR IN POOL OF BLOOD.

When I came to Renfield's room I found him lying on the floor on his left side in a glittering pool of blood. When I went to move him, it became at once apparent that he had received some terrible injury; there seemed none of that unity of purpose between the parts of the body which marks even lethargic sanity.

As the face was exposed I could see that it had been horribly bruised, as though it had been beaten against the floor—indeed, it was from the front wounds that the pool of blood originated. The attendant who was crouched beside the body said to me as we turned him over:

"See, both his back and leg are the whole side of his face are paralyzed." How such a thing could have happened puzzled the attendant bewildered and his brows were gathered in as he said:

"I can't understand the two things. He could mark his face like that by beating his head on the floor. I ever felt Asylum before, but I could lay hands on her. And I suppose he might have broke his neck by falling out of bed, if he got in as me. I can't imagine how the two things occurred. If his back was broke, he couldn't beat his head, and fall out of bed, there would be marks of it." I said to him:

"Go to Dr. Van Helsing, and ask him to kindly come here at once. I want him without any instant's delay." The man ran off, and within a few minutes the professor, in his dressing gown and slippers appeared. When

he saw Renfield on the ground he looked keenly at him a moment and then turned to me. I think he recognized my thought in my eyes, for he said quietly and manifestly for the ears of the attendant:

"A sad accident! He will need very careful watching, and much attention. He shall stay in my room, but I shall remain in a few minutes join you."

The patient was now breathing stertorously and it was easy to see that he had suffered some terrible injury. Van Helsing returned with extraordinary celerity, bearing with him a surgical case. He had evidently been thinking and had his mind made up, almost before he looked at the patient, he whispered to me:

**VAN HESLING DISMISSES ALL THE ATTENDANTS.** "Send the attendant away. We must be alone with him when he becomes conscious, after the operation." So I said:

"I think that will do now, Simmons. We have done all that we can at present. You had better go your round, and Dr. Van Helsing will operate. Let me know instantly if there be anything unusual anywhere."

The man withdrew, and we went into a strict examination of the patient. The wound on the face was superficial; the real injury was a depressed fracture of the skull, extending right up through the motor area. The professor thought a moment and said:

"We must reduce the pressure and get back to normal conditions, as far as can be; the rapidity of the suffusion shows the terrible nature of his injury. The whole motor area seems affected. The suffusion of the brain will increase quickly, so we must trephine at once or it may be too late."

As he was speaking there was a soft tapping at the door. I went over and opened it and found in the corridor without, Arthur and Quincey in pajamas and slippers; the former spoke:

"I heard your man call up Dr. Van Helsing and tell him of an accident. So I woke Quincey or rather called for him, as he was not asleep. Things are moving and I am very glad, but strangely for sound sleep for any of us these times. I've been thinking that tomorrow night will not see things as they have been. We'll have to look back—and forward a little more than we have done. May we come in?"

I nodded, and held the door open till they had entered, and closed it again. When Quincey saw the attitude and state of the patient and noted the horrible pool on the floor, he said softly:

"Poor, poor devil!" I told him briefly, and added that we expected he would recover consciousness after the operation for a short time at all events. He went at once and sat down on the edge of the bed, with Godalming beside him; we all watched in patience.

"We shall wait," said Van Helsing, "just long enough to fix the best spot for trephining, so that we may most quickly and perfectly remove the blood clot; for it is evident that the hemorrhage is increasing. The minutes during which we waited passed with fearful slowness. I had a horrible sinking in my heart, as I moved after the operation for a short time at all events. He went at once and sat down on the edge of the bed, with Godalming beside him; we all watched in patience.

"The poor man's breathing came in uncertain gasps. Each instant he seemed as though he would open his eyes and speak; but then would follow a prolonged stertorous breath, and he would sink into a more fixed insensibility. Inured as I was to sick beds and death, this suspense grew, and grew upon me. I could almost hear the beating of my own heart, and the blood wringing through my temples sounded like blows from a hammer.

The silence finally became agonizing. I looked at my companions, one after another, and saw from their flushed faces and damp brows that they were enduring equal torture. There was a nervous suspense over us all, as though overhead some dread bell would peal out powerfully when we should least expect it.

At last there came a time when it was evident that the patient was sinking fast; he might die at any moment. I looked up at the professor and caught his eyes fixed on mine. His face was sternly set as he spoke:

"There is no time to lose. His words may be worth many lives; I have been thinking so, as I stood here. It may be there is a soul at stake! We shall operate just above the ear."

(To be Continued Tomorrow) (Copyrighted)

## The Latest Smart Imported Hats



### HICKSON IMPORTATIONS.

At the left are shown a Chinese set-hat and "lantern" bag-hat of marble-finished brown leather, both embroidered in wool, with tiny Chinese motifs in red, blue and green, and both finished with leather tassels of Chinese yellow. The hat at the right is of dark-blue, gold-edged narrow grosgrain ribbon, row after row in the brim and buckled to form the crown, around which ribbon ends form a frilled wreath. The brim edge and the border of the crown are interwoven with tiny cerise ribbon in a basket effect.

## LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk.

THERE was a lady calm up to our house last night that says she has got a new religion. There is so many religions that I didn't know there was any room for another one, but she says she has got it. She learned it from an Indian Mistic, his name is Gunga Gun.

Did you ever meet Gunga Gun, she asked Pa, he is a most weird & charming man.

When I was a detektiv I met a lot of Gunga, said Pa, but I don't think any of them was named Gunga.

This man thrills & chills you with his great black eyes, said Missus Flitzy. This is the name of Ma's friend, Missus Francesca Flitzy. She is a widow.

Missus Gun, she told Pa & Ma, can send his astral body off among the stars & planets, & when it comes back it tells him anything he wants to know. He goes far, far into space, she said, but he always comes back with the knowledge which he went after.

I see, said Pa, in other words, said Pa, Mister Gunga Gun always brings home the bacon. I wonder if he could tell me what chance the Giants has to win the pennant.

This Indian Mistic doesn't trubble himself with common-places things like baseball, said Ma's friend. Baseball is for earth-worms. Baseball & shooting & fishing & staying down town with the boys & all that kind of childishness is not for master intellects like his.

I see, said Pa, he is a killjoy. A what? said Ma's friend.

A smudge, said Pa, a kind of old Adam Bourgeois. I wudden pick up his hat if it blew off, said Pa. That kind of gents run for Sweeney.

I do not quite understand yure tangwidge, said Ma's friend Missus Flitzy, but if you think there is any faks about this Indian Mistic, she said, it only goes to show yure own shallow nater. Grats, sublime souls like this, she said, don't care whether they are believed or disbelieved. This gentleman of wick I have been speaking of scorns things like munny, common, cheap, scordid munny.

Do you heer that, wife? said Pa. Can you imghine that?

I am sure I don't care for munny, if that is what you mean, said Ma.

Of course you don't, said Pa, no munny than you care for the sun-shine & the roses & yure own sweet life. Maybe you cud arrange to have this cultur'd person drop around & see us sun time, said Pa.

If he don't care for munny he can't be working any shake-down gain, & in that case, said Pa, I shud reely like to meet him.

He mite not want to cum, said Ma's friend. He is vary, vary aloof. Well, said Pa, he can sufe himself. I shud giling away to meet him.

## Their Married Life

### Helen and Frances Discuss Mahomet, the Pet That Was Banished from the Curtis Home.

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"O Helen, Frances, I miss that cat more than I can say," sighed Helen, as she watched Mahomet stretching before the open fire.

"And Carp and I are in love with him. It certainly was a rounabout way that our pussy happened to come to us, but we're thankful to all you people for getting dissatisfied with him."

"Oh, we didn't, my dear; not a bit. Why, even Warren loved Mahomet—be helped pick him out. But we did feel that with all the epidemics last Summer it was safer to let Louise have him."

"And then along came little Damiana, and poor Mahomet was shifted again."

Helen laughed. "It was funny, wasn't it?"

"Certainly was. But Helen, did I tell you what happened the other night after Carp and I left him here alone for the day?"

"Why no?"

"It's really quite a story. You don't mind if I go on working do you Helen? This thing ought to be done, and Carp promised to do it last night and the evening slipped away before we knew it."

Frances was decorating furniture in odd, queer, unsymmetrical designs and Helen was watching her interestedly. It really was a great relaxation to drop in and see Frances like this. She always managed to be doing something different.

"Well, you see Carp and I are selfish people with no one dependent on us. We didn't realize that Mahomet was a real entity until this incident happened, and Helen, you should have heard us, both scared to death and not a bit certain what to do."

"Well, go on, Frances; you have not told me what it's all about yet."

"Well, we went down to Long Island for Sunday and left the cat here with plenty of food."

"I know what's going to come," said Helen smiling. "He hates to be left alone and he always cries."

"Cries! Well, my dear, according to the people upstairs, he must have howled. Carp and I got home quite late Sunday night, and everything seemed to be quite all right with the cat excepting that he was awfully glad to see us. I was dead to the world and I began to get into something loose and comfortable right away. Suddenly Carp called out to me, the funniest note in his voice. It frightened me."

"Anything wrong?" I gasped, flying out to the studio. My dear, imagine he was banging down in front of the door and he looked up and said, "what do you make of this?"

"This," as he called it, happened to be a slice of paper with some

queer looking pieces of bread very thickly spread with butter."

Helen exclaimed: "But Frances, how on earth did it get there?"

"Easy enough, my dear. Notice the way the door from the hall into the studio has drawn away from the floor; why, there must be nearly three inches of space there. Of course we never noticed it before, but when Carp knelt down he could actually see out into the hall."

"I should have thought of just one thing."

"And that's just what I did. I thought that someone had been annoyed hearing the cat cry, and had slipped some poison under the door. Is that what you thought?"

Helen nodded. "Were you frightened?"

"Was I? Well, rather; but not as much as Carp, after all. My dear, let me tell you we realized that we were quite fond of that cat. Up to that time we took him as a matter of course, but now—well, you'll have an awful time getting it back, Helen."

"He seems to fit in better here, anyway, and Warren doesn't want him back while Winifred is growing up, so it looks as if Mahomet would be here a good long time. But go on with the story, Frances; what did you do?"

"There wasn't a thing we could do. We couldn't very well rush out and accuse different people in the building of poisoning our cat. So Carp carefully examined the food, and really Helen net a thing had been eaten from it."

"No, he doesn't like anything but meat, fortunately."

"Well, Carp wrapped the bread or whatever it was, up carefully in a paper, and determined to have it analyzed just for our own satisfaction. But the next morning the mystery was solved. There's the nicest little woman living in the studio over this, and she stopped here on her way out. I didn't know who she was till she smiled at Mahomet and said with the quaintest accent:

"Ah, there's the cat I tried to feed."

"Oh, did you?" I gasped. Actually I never felt so relieved in my life."

"Well, the long and short of the story was that Mahomet had been howling his head off for company, and that nice little woman had thought the beast was hungry and had done her best with what she had in the house to help him out. Needless to say, Carp and I were thankful, and that's how we discovered how much we like him. It's a good story, isn't it?"

And Frances put a long, steady streak of orange over the table she was painting, while Mahomet came up as near as he dared and began to purr distractingly, as though he was perfectly aware that the conversation had been all about him.

To Be Continued.